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Drew University

ACORN

Madison, New Jersey 07940 | Volume LX No.14 | February 12, 1988

DrewScene

Party Hosting program begins

FOUR places on campus have been newly designated as legal drinking areas: Tolley-Brown lounge, Haselton basement, Baldwin basement, and the second floor of Hoyt.

The Drew University Alcohol Task Force has implemented the new "Party Hosting" policy in an attempt to contribute more to student life and to teach students more about responsible drinking.

Director of Housing Ron Campbell said that he met with Director of Student Activities Tullio Nieman and Dean of Student Life Charles Courtney to discuss ways of "trying to open up more spaces on campus where alcohol parties could be held...and to provide students with the rules and regulations about the use of spaces and information about responsible drinking." They formulated the "Party Hosting" program.

The program calls for a student of legal drinking age in New Jersey to regulate the drinking at a party by preventing underage drinking and by assuring that drinkers do not endanger themselves or anyone else.

With the exception of Hoyt second, the other areas opened were alcohol-free last semester and still are unless a host is present. If alcohol is being served at a party and the proper forms have not been filed, a residential staff member can call security to have the party shut down.

Notices were posted last week around campus, and senior's mailboxes were stuffed to promote the program. Meet-

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Council to streamline committees

By Joey Biggio
News Editor

A policy dividing the College of Liberal Arts into four parts and creating a Dean's Council was approved by the faculty at their meeting last Friday.

Under this policy, three existing committees have been abolished and the new Dean's Council has been set up in their place.

The four new divisions of the college will elect representatives to serve on the Dean's Council. The areas are composed of the following departments: Biology, Chemistry, Math, Computer Science, Physics, and Physical Education; Anthropology, Economics, Political Science, Psychology, and Sociology; Classics, French, Russian, German, History, Philosophy, and Spanish; and Art, English, Music, and Theater Arts.

"The faculty felt they could spend their time better. By pulling everything together into one committee, it is going to save the faculty time and allow members of the council to look at all angles of an issue...
Paolo Cucchi
Dean of the College

One member of each area will be elected by the faculty in that division to serve on the Dean's Council for two years. In addition to the four faculty members, a fifth will represent the whole faculty.

Also serving on the committee will be the Student Government Association President or a designee of the president, who will represent the interests of the students

See **Committee** page 2

Aggravated seniors plan action

By George Furman
Staff Writer

ALL this has the possibility of becoming lethal," said Student Government Association President Twila Driggins, referring to a fledgling movement that originated with Hoyt seniors and is spreading rapidly among all classes.

Last Sunday evening, February 7th, the first floor lounge of Hoyt was filled to capacity with seniors who had met to plan a course of action to correct what they said they considered to be administrative negligence.

Students noted that poor housing, inadequate maintenance, unreliable security, unworkable policies regarding social life and general administrative insensitivity were major problems.

The harshest comments were made regarding administrators. Dean of Housing Ron Campbell bore the brunt of dissatisfaction.

One student said of Campbell, "He laughs at us, at our apathy when we present him with our problems."

As the meeting progressed debate became oriented toward concern for underclassmen. One Hoyt resident stated, "Underclassmen don't realize how much Drew has changed...it's becoming a suitcase school."

Students claimed they were angry at the way the administration was "gradually taking away [from both academic and social areas]...as they increase tuition." "Next we'll have pay toilets," shouted one senior.

When the debate peaked a student challenged Student Government Association President Twila Driggins to face the crowd. Before anything came of the challenge, a shout of "Look, we're not aimless here," changed the tide of the meeting. More moderate views seemed to prevail.

By the end of the evening, students had reached a consensus that a large portion of the student body must become involved in responsible and assertive public action. Thirty-five students volunteered to help organize such action.

On Monday, February 5th, a planning session of seniors from the last meeting, as well as interested underclassmen, convened in the Hoyt lounge.

Seniors voiced a concern for the quality of the degrees they expect to receive in May, saying that they believed the University has not lived up to its commitment to academic excellence.

Radical improvements in education were demanded. Students said that they perceived the administration as hindering the faculty's attempts to improve academics. Students expressed the opinion that Drew has the potential to be a

See **Student Action** page 2

J-Board finds 3 guilty of assault, weapons possession

By Barry Kazan
Assistant News Editor

IN its first meeeting of the academic year, the Judicial Board returned a verdict of guilty in a case involving three students accused of assault.

The incident involved freshmen Robert Adair, Ian Burdick and Russell Potts, who threatened a freshman woman with a butterfly knife on December 12 in her dorm room. The woman reported the occurence to her Resident Director the following morning.

Courtney stated that he preferred not to identify the students by name. However, Senior Steve Schofield, a Judicial Board member, confirmed the names.

Campus Security filed a report which was then presented to Dean of Student Life Charles Courtney. Courtney met with President Paul Hardin, and both decided that the students would be suspended immediately and not allowed any university privileges. In losing these privileges, the students were prevented from taking their final examinations.

Such action is permitted by the Drew University Student Handbook. The handbook states, "Nothing in this code restricts the right of the President or an official designee in his absence immediately, if upon initial investigation of serious charges, said University official finds that the continued presence of the student on Campus constitutes a threat to health, safety or well-being of the Drew community."

The students were charged with "possession of weapons" and "intentionally or recklessly causing reasonable apprehension of physical harm to any person on the University campus."

After pleading not guilty, the students were provided with a hearing before the Judicial Board. "We made a scrupulous effort to meet all the conditions spelled out in the handbook," stated Courtney, who serves as chair of the Judicial Board but does not vote on cases.

After a four-hour hearing and two-hour deliberation, the committee of two faculty members and three students returned a guilty verdict.

The Board required Potts and Burdick, both Drew Scholars, to withdraw from the University with permission to reapply. Adair was suspended for one semester. The three students were allowed to take their final examinations to avoid losing credits for the fall semester.

Following the actions of the Judicial Board, the three appealed to Dean of the College Paolo Cucchi. After reviewing the transcripts and listening to the tape recording, Cucchi upheld the decisions of the board. One student who was required to withdraw has chosen to appeal to Hardin, but the process has not yet begun.

According to Courtney, the incident was simply a "lethal" combination of weapons, drinking and the late-night hour. "After going through the long and painful process of the hearing, I'm convinced that those involved did not set out to 'scare the wits' out of anybody. It wasn't intentional, but it was a dangerous and reckless thing.

"There have been instances of students threatening to hurt or actually hurting a person [in past years], however, this is the first case that I'm aware of in which a weapon has been involved," said Courtney.

Burdick was reported to be seen on campus Wednesday by a group of students, one of whom was aware of the charge. The student, who requests anonymity, said Dean Courtney was immediately notified of Burdick's status.

News

State grant sought

By Betty Alexander
Staff Writer

DREW could obtain up to $2,000,000 for a succesfully written grant proposal in New Jersey Govenor Kean's Challenge Grant program, according to University President Paul Hardin.

"One must start by acknowledging Govenor Kean's challenge to independent universities and colleges: it was the first of its kind," said Hardin. The Challenge Program initiated by Kean was issued on January 6, 1988. Sixteen independent colleges and universities are eligible for this program which extends over the the next two fiscal years.

The possible reward for a succesfully written grant proposal from Drew ranges from $500,000 to $2,000,000, stated Hardin. He also added that this amount of money could be an incentive to accelerate the planning and reinforcement of the Capital Campaign and the Drew Plan, both of which have already been initiated. These two projects are long-term and the money received from the Challenge Grant could advance the time line of their effectiveness.

The importance of planning was emphasized by Hardin. He stressed the fact that the reason Drew has an advantage on the program is because systematic preparation and hard work has already been put forth.

"In three-quarters of a year, a new level of revenue was planned, but with this grant we can do things sooner than planned," explained Hardin. He continued, "We can honestly say, when this grant expires, the Tuition Revenue Net will be $1,500,000 to $2,000,000."

Hardin was aided in this planning by newly-appointed Vice President Richard Detweiler and Dean of the College Paolo Cucchi. Detweiler co-founded the Computer Initiative program and has helped Executive Vice President Scott McDonald and Hardin in organizational matters. Cucchi with the faculty's concerns on this issue.

In the past, several plans due to additional funds have had a part in making the undergraduate experience better. Some of those cited by Hardin included: increased emphasis on civics and ethics; improved use of Jan term; enhanced series of lectures from visiting scholars, statesmen, and leaders of American society; and programming in dormitories, relevant to education.

In the past, according to Hardin, additional funds have been used to improve Jan term, increase emphasis on civics and ethics, enhance series of lectures from visiting scholars and leaders, and improve programming in dormitories, relevant to education.

Much consulting has gone into programs such as the Drew Plan, the Capital Campaign, and the Challenge Grant. Hardin said he anticipates success in these projects based on the collective input and support from the administration, faculty and students.

Student Action continued from page 1

superior school.

"I want to improve this place, give the degree value, and be proud that I went to Drew," said Jennifer Backhaus, a senior Hoyt resident. "I want to be able to recommend Drew, but with the state of the social and academic life now, I can't."

"It's time to realize that Drew is going downhill fast. We've all sat through endless meetings, tried to reason with the administration, and nothing has been done. It's time to use the student body; there's power in the masses," said Backhaus.

The group agreed upon a list of plans with which to challenge the administration.

Students planned a strategy including the use of off-campus publications and agencies in response to administrative resistance. Others with training in research methods planned a valid survey, to be presented to the Board of Trustees, which would highlight areas of dissatisfaction.

The seniors stressed the necessity of supporting the S.G.A. and its committees, while avoiding its structural limitations.

On Wednesday, during dinner in the Commons, several people who had been involved with the meetings sat at a table downstairs and actively solicited student's complaints about Drew.

Referring to the groundswell of interest that has met these efforts, Senior Lea Thompson commented, "Students obviously want this to happen.

"Anybody who is interested in helping out can contact me, Dan Emery, Julie O'Roarke, Tom Porcelli, or Jennifer Backhaus. We're not a committee, but we'd like to get students involved."

Doctor Pizza Is Back!

Snack Bar Pizza rears its ugly head weeknights and Sunday by the master, Tony; winner of the "You-lika-the-Ramones-I-give-you-extra-cheese" Award by the Italian Press.

DON'T MISS HIM STRUT HIS STUFF!

The crust is better; the prices are stable, Happy Valentine's Day from Tony's table.

Committees streamlined continued from page 1

in matters not pertaining strictly to faculty.

In accordance with this policy, three committees will be dismissed: the Budget and Program, Curriculum, and Faculty Committees. S.G.A. President Twila Driggins expressed initial apprehension over the removal of these committees, since students served on two of them. "We want to make sure that the students are represented," she said.

Much discussion has gone into the formulation of this policy to assure that all parties are represented, according to Chairperson and Associate Professor of Mathematics and Computer Sciences Alan Candiotti, a member of the Committee on Committees. "Students have been extremely valuable in terms of help on committees. They tell us information we didn't know, and we don't want to lose that."

A preliminary draft of the policy was presented in December and "it became clear that there were two problems that needed to be worked out: student representation and cost," commented Candiotti.

Three changes were made to the policy to resolve the question of student representation, according to Candiotti. The first change was to have the S.G.A. President or designee serve as a member of the council for discussions on budgetary or curricular matters.

Candiotti stated that the second major change involved the addition of a clause to the proposal which would make it "one of the responsibilities of the Dean's Council to arrange for adequate input from students.

"We had difficulty in coming up with a way to do it, so we sent the responsibility to the group and let them come up with a way," added Candiotti.

The question of cost was also a big topic. The original idea was to have six faculty representatives on the council and provide them with four courses of "release time," away from the classroom, said Candiotti. This was necessary, the professor said, so that members of the committee would have adequate time to devote to their classes and their administrative positions on the committee.

To do this, however, explained Candiotti, would mean twenty-four classes would have to be cancelled or taught by other instructors. This cost was considered too high, so the number of people on the committee was reduced to five and the amount of release time reduced to three courses.

After these problems were resolved, the proposal was presented to the faculty again and approved by a margin of 36-16 with five or six abstentions.

Faculty members who served on the Committee on Comittees were: Candiotti; John Ollom, professor of physics; Joan Weimer, professor of English; Barbara Salmore, professor of political science; and William Stroker, chairperson and professor of religion.

Candiotti said he felt the changes were necessary because "we were being overwhelmed with administrative tasks and it was detracting from our viability as faculty members. I hope that this group will be both more efficient and allow a greater number of faculty members to be better faculty members.

"I'm concerned about entrusting more things to fewer people, but I'm willing to take that risk," he added.

Driggins said she has overcome her initial apprehension about the policy. She stated, "I am confident that the students will be represented in a positive and open form."

"It should eliminate confusion about who to go to with problems. It allows students quicker access to the people that are directly involved," added Driggins.

Dean of the College Paolo Cucchi said he felt the change was necessary because "more and more faculty time was being spent serving on committees. It was getting to the point of extreme fragmentization.

"The faculty felt they could spend their time better. By pulling everything together into one committee, it is going to save the faculty time and allow members of the council to look at all angles of an issue so as to serve as a good advisory board," added Cucchi.

Drew University
ACORN

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ings were held in each of the four places, with the biggest turnout being in Hoyt.

At these meetings students were given pamphlets outlining Drew's Alcoholic Beverage Policy and guidelines for planning a party. Important names and extension numbers were given in case of an emergency. In addition, statistics were provided on drinking.

Campbell emphasized that the issue is not solely underage drinking but also responsible behavior and responsible drinking. Emphasizing that the majority of court cases concerning colleges and universities involve alcohol, Campbell stated that he felt students could better help define the proper place of alcohol on the campus.

There was mixed student reaction to this policy. Claudia Luecke, a junior who is twenty-one and attended one of the "Party Host" training sessions, said she felt this was a step in the right direction to better student-administration relations, but "I don't see it doing much." Luecke believes students enjoy going to big parties and that opening up four more spaces on campus isn't going to end parties in the dorms.

By Dave Terdiman

"These dreams of yours wherein you find great tubs of money, Mr. Croy—can you describe the spot a little more exactly?"

FINANCIAL AID AWARENESS WEEK

Participate... be informed.

February 16 thru 17

Schedule of Events!!

Tuesday, February 16

8 - 9 a.m. Look for Financial Aid Office representatives in the Commons and UC.

1 - 5 p.m. A Debt Management Seminar will be held in UC 103. Topics will include student loan debt management, budgeting and creative financing.

7 - 9 p.m. "Fireside Chats" in Baldwin Lounge, Welch-Holloway Lounge and Tolley-Brown Lounge. Bring your questions and concerns.

Wednesday, February 17

9 - 12 p.m. & 1 - 4 p.m. An FAF/GAPSFAS Workshop will be held in UC 107 to assist students in the Financial Aid application process. Regulatory changes, common errors and your concerns will be addressed. Congressional Action Kits and a Mini Job Fair will be on-going.

Thursday, February 18

9 - 12 p.m. & 1 - 4 p.m. Commuter Day at Gilbert House. Coffee and doughnuts will be served.

Friday, February 19

9 - 12 p.m. & 1 - 4 p.m. Open House at Gilbert House. The entire Drew Community is invited to meet staff and view our facilities.

Reminder: Application deadline March 1, 1988.

Opinions

Do us a favor

THE time has come to address one of the questions that has troubled the sages for millenia (or at least this author for a couple of years). Why is it that Drew students, who are certainly intelligent — if their grades and S.A.T. scores are to be trusted — persist in certain behavioral patterns that defy common sense and the public good?

We're referring, of course, to smoking. Cigarette smoking.

For twenty-five years the Surgeon General has been warning the American public of the dangers of cigarette smoking. At first it was "just" the risk of heart disease, or maybe a little bit of cancer. No big deal right? Everybody smoked.

But with every passing year, the list of ailments attributable to smoking grew longer. Emphysema. Tuberculosis. Hypertension. It got to the point where the warnings on packs of cigarettes came in different varieties, just like the smokes themselves. Not satisfied screwing up your own body? Smoke while your pregnant and screw up your kid — er, fetus too, before it even hits the skids.

Did you ever notice that the people opposed to abortion because a "fetus is a little person too!" don't seem to mind sharing a martini and a smoke with junior?

For a long time smokers were defiant, claiming that if, and this is a big if, smoking really is harmful, well, they were only harming themselves. Sorry to rain on your parade, but in case you haven't been reading, let us introduce you to secondary smoke. Now you can treat all your non-smoking friends to whatever ails you.

"Welcome! May I offer you a coughing fit? Maybe some phlegm, or perhaps a little coronary, mmmm?"

In our society, smoking has become less fashionable. The Long Island Railroad banished the smokers to a solitary smoking car, and now they're moving to eliminate even that (the conductors refuse to enter it; they say the smoke is bad for them. Can you imagine?).

Corporations have to provide smoke-free work environments if even one employee requests it. The F.A.A. is moving to ban smoking entirely from most flights in the U.S. It's illegal to smoke in movie theatres. Where once you could smoke in the balcony, now you can't even smoke in the lobby. Restaurants have "No Smoking" sections. And don't even try to light up on the bus; odds are high that some diminutive old lady will let you know that if you don't put it out, she'll run you through with her knitting needles (Knit one, purl you.).

Even that last bastion of the macho-mindset, the military, has knuckled under. In accordance with Department of Defense regulations, smoking is no longer allowed in work spaces. It seems that someone over at the Pentagon figured that if our soldiers can't climb a flight of stairs without getting dizzy and short of breath, they'll be less than impressive on the battlefield.

But if you thought it would be difficult to convince battle-scarred Marines to give up smoking, you haven't faced a real tough bunch 'til you've dealt with college students.

Did you ever ask one of your classmates if they wouldn't mind smoking elsewhere? Ask a Teamster to put out his cigarette and your likely to get a more civil response. You see, like, they've got rights, y'know?

Oh, the hypocrisy of it all. The very same students who will protest the government's attempts to dispose of nuclear waste, or refuse to eat vegetables because they've been treated with chemicals, will reach for a cigarette as they extoll the virtues of their latest macro-biotic wonder sludgeshake.

It's endemic. The F.D.A. will ban saccharin because they found that if lab rats drink twenty-five diet sodas a day for ten years they get cancer of the pancreas, but they condone the sale of a known carcinogen. Hell, the government subsidizes it.

Maybe they figure it's a great way to ease the strain on the social security system. It makes as much sense as Ayatollah Robertson shrieking for everybody to have babies to save the pension fund.

But back to those fiercely independent, fiercely individualistic Drew students. Sure they're intelligent. Of course they understand the health threat. All right, they'll concede that it may be a little obnoxious. But what does all that matter when you're trying to be cool, sophisticated, mature, tough, and, let's not forget, artsy.

Screw health, we're talking something important: image!

And they've got a point. Not everyone can light up a room when they enter by the force of their personality. Some people have have to content themselves with stinking up a space when they walk in and light up. How terribly attractive.

Give those of us, the majority, who aren't interested in crapping up our lungs, a break. Would the administration kindly ban smoking in public buildings and work spaces, starting with the Commons? The smokers don't stay in the smoking sections, and Seilers isn't helping matters by putting out those cute ashtrays in the non-smoking sections.

How can students claim to be concerned for human life abroad, when they show such a dramatic disregard for it at home? Do us a favor. Next time you feel like putting another nail in your coffin, kindly do it in the privacy of your own rooms.

Drew University
ACORN
Founded in 1928

Alan Langlieb *Editor* — **Peter Litton** *Managing Editor* — **Leslee York** *Executive Editor*

A weekly newspaper of the Drew Community by the students of the College of Liberal Arts.

The Acorn welcomes letters from our readers which are relevant to issues of concern to Drew students. Letters should be sent to The Acorn *via campus mail box L-321. Deadline for publication in the same week is 4 p.m. Tuesday. All letters must be signed and addressed. Names will be withheld upon request.*

All letters become the property of The Acorn *and may be edited for length and propriety.*

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Letters to the Editor

Not reason enough to censor

To the Editor:

There was an ironic inevitability in the appearance of a letter in last week's Acorn, dubiously titled "Insensitivity, not censorship." What was inevitable was that such a letter would appear during Black History Month.

What is ironic is that any such response to this letter (and there was an inevetability about this as well) will be received in light of the racial issue the previous letter suggested, and not in light of censorship, which was the position being advocated.

The letter's author(s) argue that a paper written for a non-fiction workshop showed insensitivity in using the vernacular of the Vietnam era. This may be, and the point is well taken.

The remark of the article's author ("Tough") when confronted with the opinions of offended members of the class showed callousness at best, poor judgement at least. Whether that author's use of the vernacular showed similar poor taste, however, remains to be seen.

Regardless, the letter goes on to suggest that we keep our "words and paints clean." This is a subjective opinion to which the authors are perfectly entitled. There is a certain way in which a class should be conducted, and any instructor should endeavor to present the material in an honest and inoffensive way.

However, for the letter's authors to argue that instructors ought to choose "ideal" parts of literary works for presentation so as to minimize offensiveness is another matter entirely. Here the issue is academic freedom and censorship.

Morality with regard to the material presented in a university atmosphere has no place in the classroom, except of course when such morality is the topic of discussion. Similarly, personal feelings about an author's works or his words, be they the feelings of the students or of the professor, should be footnoted and addressed in conjunction with study of the entire work.

That the students may label their feelings in terms of racism, sexism, political oppression or socioeconomic status should not have bearing on the presentation of the material itself. Literature which produces such feelings is doing so for a reason, and strong reader reaction in such cases is the mark of fine literature.

As a writer, I have a great respect for and a great love of words. As such, I view censorship as one of the greatest crimes ever conceived against the reasonable mind. Unfortunately, like so many of the greatest inventions, the use of words is only as noble or maligned as the integrity of the writer or speaker using them.

To argue that one must have the skill of Faulkner before attempting to emulate his style is ludicrous, to say the least.

To suppose that a professor will censor his lecture to suit student tastes is to jeopardize the entire concept of a liberal arts education and the "educated opinion."

And to further argue that "it is extremely difficult to use words formed for malice without spewing malice" displays the inability of the reader to see beyond the word itself and into the context of the literature in which the word is used.

The language is offensive; of this there is no question. In and of itself, however, this is not reason enough to warrant censorship.

As a student in Geraldine Smith's Afro-American Literature seminar, it is noteworthy that I am presently reading Jean Toomer's "Cane," which contains much of the language so objectionable to last week's writer.

To argue that one should delete the offensive language in order to preserve the integrity of the student psyche, to protect the student from exposure to this offensive language, consuming in its inherent violence and hatred of humanity is, I firmly believe, to undercut the efforts of writers like Toni Morrison, Richard Wright, Toni Cade Bambara, Alice Walker, and of course Toomer.

Through the mastery of their craft, these writers have illustrated just how violent and damaging these racists' terms are. Their messages, however, must be *read* in order to be fully understood.

Michael Tucker

Security is on the ball

To the Editor:

I am writing in response to a letter titled "Security's response troubling" which appeared in the February 5 Acorn. I agree with most of the facts, as to what happened, however, I do not believe Security was, in any way, at fault. In fact, I find the response of Mr. Maulding and his friends quite troubling.

After the incident occurred Mr. Maulding and his friends did not notify security, but went to search for the assailant with a metal pipe. If Mr. Maulding and his friends had not accidentally chanced upon a security officer would security have ever been notified? In my opinion, such behavior is dangerous as well as possibly illegal.

The proper way for Mr. Maulding to have handled such an incident would have been to immediately notify security, stressing the urgent nature of the situation. Once security is notified of an emergency of this type, there is a prescribed procedure; during the incident in question the officer followed this procedure to the letter.

The first step in an incident of this type is to question the witness. If security had received timely notification, they could have implemented a plan for closing off the entire Drew campus. Under this procedure several additional officers and a number of additional part time guards can be called out in a matter of minutes, as well as requesting further backup from the Madison Police, if necessary.

This procedure does work; it was used in the fall semester of the year to call out two additional officers and resulted in two arrests. However, time is of the essence. If security is to catch the perpetrator they have to be notified while the culprit may still be on campus.

Seeing someone driving by is hardly an effective medium for quick communication, and the time lag involved before the incident was reported rendered the sealing of the campus close to useless. After all would you stick around and wait to be picked up after committing or attempting to commit a crime?

The victim also told the officer on the scene that the assailant may have called her name. This leads me to the possibility that it MAY have been someone who was known to the victim and in her panic she did not recognize him.

I was the officer who did the follow-up on this incident and had no connection with the investigation until after the events in question transpired, but if presented with a similar set of circumstances, I would have behaved in the same fashion. It is my personal opinion that the officer on duty performed in a very professional manner and followed proper procedure.

In closing, I would congratulate the girl involved for her quick and correct action in escaping from her abductor, while chastising Mr. Maulding and his friends for their lack of citizen responsibility.

James K. Rubin

When in the course of human...

To the Editor:

On Sunday, 7 February, a group of seniors decided to leave a different type of legacy at Drew University.

Too often students, after three and one half years of classes, exams, laboratory experiments, and various assorted headaches, are more than content to coast through their final semester, and leave the problems to someone else — anyone else. But then again, for the Class of 1988, this hasn't been a typical three and one half years.

We seniors were the first class to experience the wonders of the computer initiative, and reap all the (ahem) benefits thereof, including the timely switch from the obsolete QX-10 to the equally non-functional QX-16.

We were the first freshman class to be adversely affected by the twenty-one year old drinking age, and, so as not to permanently scar our young psyches, they erected the great fiberglass wall in the pub, so that we could actually see all the fun we were missing.

We witnessed the most drastic tuition hikes of any class in recent history, and we were told that these increases would offset the inevitable

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Opinions

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drop in enrollment, predicted by the doomsday demographics office. Subsequently, enrollment soared to an all time high. It was so high in fact, that we watched as they converted all the lounges in Tolley and Brown into living space. Temporary living space. Two years later, it appears to be the most permanent temporary space on campus.

Throughout all this madness, two things could be counted on — student apathy, and Dean Newman's bland, non-commital responses. We lost even that security, as the Dean gracefully made her departure, leaving not one, but two vacant positions (remember kiddies, Dean Newman served as Housing Director *and* Dean of Student Life).

Not wanting to end the fun yet, some brilliant mind came up with the idea of having the simultaneous arrival of a new Director of Housing and an interim Dean of Students, giving the Class of 1988, as well as the rest of the hapless student body, a turbulent fall semester that brought Administrative confusion and double talk to new records.

In one fell swoop, the "Boys of Sycamore Cottage" managed to destroy an already dubious relationship between students and Administrators. Seniors felt the brunt of this "harmless little change," and watched as the Alcohol Task Force was pushed, pulled, and molested by the Administrators, until the disillusioned, bruised students finally said "enough."

The rumblings of an uprising were there, but it took the jeers and taunts of an Administrator, who laughed at students for their apathy, to finally make some people realize what's going on.

Now comes the good part.

The seniors that are dedicated to making Drew a better place for students aren't doing it for themselves. Sure, there are things that they hope to change immediately so that they can enjoy the rest of their days here. But the big changes are going to benefit the students that are still here — so that they can learn what avenues to approach when they have a concern.

Of course, in the Big Picture, they want to have more students participate, so that it doesn't take another series of events like the past ones to end apathy and get students involved in the organizations that were designed for their use. So, when a senior knocks on your door, and asks you some questions, answer them, and then ask your own. Find out more about Drew now so that the Class of 1988 can leave you with the knowledge to progress, and make Drew University, along with its Administrators a school you can be proud of.

Twila C. Driggins
President, Student Government

U.S. policy suffers from interference

By Michael Sauter
Staff Writer

THE defeat of the latest Contra Aid proposal by the U.S. Congress has been characterized as a defeat for a lame-duck president and his administration.

There is, however, a less superficial issue that has largely been ignored by the media: Who should run the foreign policy of the United States?

This question has gained even greater significance due to the recent vote, as it has become necessary to use a scorecard to figure out just where the United States stands on the question of freedom in Nicaragua (Do we like the Contras this week, or was that last week?).

Regardless of one's own view on Contra Aid, what is apparent is the United States' lack of a readily identifiable goal or consistent policy in Central America. The initial problem is the damage to U.S. credibility due to vacillations in our foreign policy, brought about by the volatile U.S. Congress.

The actions of our Congressional leaders has created a situation in which foreign heads-of-state, whose goals may be at odds with our own, are able to influence Congressmen, and subsequently U.S. foreign policy.

The Congress has all but invited such interference, as with the infamous *Dear Commandante* letter to Daniel Ortega. This letter essentially espoused the liberal Democratic view; "Dear Dan, you're making it difficult for us to muster votes in support of you. Please be nice for a while so we can take care of Reagan."

This allows a foreign leader, such as Ortega, to alter the course of U.S. foreign policy simply by "behaving" himself until such time as Congress votes on the pertinent issue. Once the vote is over, the need to behave is gone. The formulation of rational foreign policy goals becomes impossible, as they sink into the morass of partisan politics and the struggle between the legislative and executive branches for primacy in policy making.

This then is the root of the problem. The inherent weakness in our system lies in our not having come to grips with the power of the presidency versus that of the Congress. Should 535 "experts" dictate U.S. policy, or should one conducter lead the U.S. in the concert of nations. It appears that either alternative is unpalatable to the opposing parties.

A realistic examination of the problem indicates that the lack of any kind of bipartisan consensus makes it highly unlikely that a coherent and consistent set of policies can be promulgated, and contributes to the needlessly animated public debates.

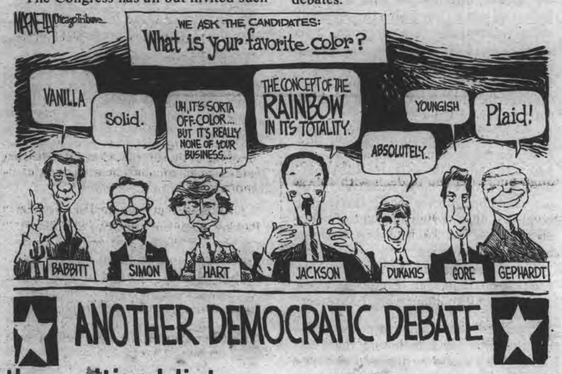
The Reagan administration's "do or die" mentality towards Nicaragua does nothing to promote rational discussion of the issues. Nor does Jim Wright's asinine "Give peace a chance."

The problem therefore becomes the difficulty of establishing a consensus without the help of party discipline. The greatest difficulty is in dealing with Congressmen who have no interest in toeing the party line. This opens up a Pandora's Box of freelance techniques which the maverick representatives can use to scuttle policies they object to; two of the most objectionable are the leak and the amendment.

The days of bi-partisan foreign policy making are over. The president tries to implement his foreign policies as 535 legislators scurry about, trying to alter it to suit their own desires.

This inability to achieve consensus contributes to the propensity for politicians to spout doomsday scenarios while ignoring the less attractive, or at least less newsworthy, alternatives.

The president's unwillingness to confide in an increasingly volatile Congress, and Congress' grabbing for power in reaction to the often necessary secrecy, make the development of U.S. foreign policy almost as archaic and disorganized as our chaotic budget process. This does not bode well for the future.



A Commentary of Our Times

The patient is off the critical list

To the Editor:

The article "Critical Condition" states that "the system is not working." The system works if people understand why certain procedures are in effect.

Upon receiving a call for a medical emergency, the switchboard operator notifies Public Safety who responds to the emergency. Everyone on the Public Safety team is trained in First Aid and C.P.R.

Once it is determined that the call is not false (Yes, a lot of prank calls are made by Drew students), the officer will gather as much information as possible and relay it to the ambulance, upon meeting it at the gate. The officer will also call the Mobile Intensive Care Unit, if needed, instead of waiting for the ambulance to call it, thus saving time.

The article also states that RDs and RAs are able to determine if an ambulance is needed. However, upon my arrival to that call, both the RD and RA were standing around. If they were trained enough to determine if an ambulance is needed, then they should have been doing something besides standing around. From the time I arrived on the scene, it took four minutes for the ambulance to arrive, which is very good response time. MICU was also at the scene very quickly.

As for the operator on the switchboard, when she receives a call, she needs information to relay to the ambulance. Apparently, the person who called was very excited and was not communicating clearly.

The system does work if everyone works together. If all the RDs call the ambulance first, they will be the ones responsible for a death.

All of the Public Safety Officers at Drew are trained professionals. They are here because their ambition is to help people. Law enforcement is their profession. If more people did something for someone else, the world would be a much better place. The Officers in the Public Safety Department at Drew University are here to serve the campus community as best they can, when needed.

An additional bit of information: With the exception of one brand new man, all of the officers at Drew Public Safety have had police academy training, and have New Jersey Police Training Commission Certificates.

We are not a "guard service." In fact, at the present time, we handle the College of St. Elizabeth Security, with mainly student officers. Our full time officers do only supervision. And yes, we have been asked by another college to provide their security services. However, that requires an administrative decision. We are not perfect, but we are trying.

Michael Murray
Public Safety Officer
Drew University

DICK GEPHARDT
NEW AND IMPROVED FOR '88
THIS BABY WILL SOLVE ALL YOUR ECONOMIC PROBLEMS... YOU HAVE MY WORD ON IT...
PROTECTIONISM
JOE ISUZU
LEE IACOCCA
DICK GEPHARDT

"PATIENCE—WHEN MEESE GETS HERE WE'LL HAVE A QUORUM!"

The Acorn is the most powerful and effective means of galvanizing public opinion and mandating change, don't let this valuable resource go to waste. Use It!

INFERNO

GENTLE reader, harden your heart for the tale you are about to read is a tragedy. It is the account of a journey into the Drew Inferno; a place of fiery doom and divine retribution.

Midway upon my return from winter vacation I went astray from the straight road and found myself lost in a dark wood. As the fates would have it, my compact Japanese car ran out of rice and sputtered to a halt. I was stranded.

With a rice box in hand I started my search for fuel. The night was as dark as pitch and the dreary wood gave me no comfort as I walked along the country highway.

And lo! From the dark wood did three murderous beasts appear. A bear, a tiger, and a bull dog in heat eyed me hungrily. It semed to me that the mascots of the Ivy leagues intend me harm, so I ran in mortal terror.

The bull dog was the quickest, and as that foul bitch neared, I cried out for the light of creation to deliver me.

No sooner did I cry out then did the blinding headlights of a Chevy station wagon appear. Seeing the lights the beasts were undone.

Like a squirrel who suddenly spots an acorn did that kelly green and oxford blue station wagon come to a halt before me. To my amazement, a middle aged man in a Drew sweatshirt hopped from the car. With a mischievous smirk he offered me a ride. I accepted his invitation.

As we drove off I introduced myself and politely inquired as to the identity of my host. He snickered,"My name is John Wesley, I was the founder of the Methodist Church."I smiled, for it had not yet occured to me that John Wesley had been dead a few hundred years.

As we drove to the University, John announced some frightening news. I was dead. For lo! The bitch had had her way with me. Now I was on a mission from God.

I thought then that this man was truly clueless, that Mr. Wesley was just another theology professor, a nut. I was wrong.

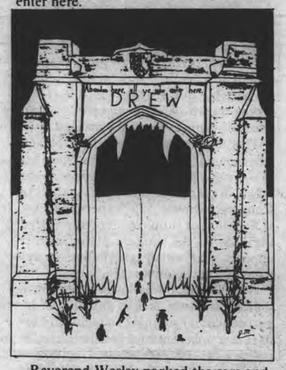
I found myself lost in the dark wood and as the fates would have it my Japanese car ran out of rice and sputtered to a halt.

As we drove up Route 24, a mob of people being lead by a man carrying a great crimson banner dashed in front of our car. The mob was being haassed by an evil swarm of stinging bees, wasps and mosquitoes.

The closer the mob got to the banner, the thicker and nastier the swarm became. As the banner weaved in and out of traffic the mob followed frantically. Runners who fell behind were hit by cars and left to be consumed by slugs.

Reverend Wesley spoke, "This miserable way is taken by those sorry souls who used Drew as a safety school. The Ivies, that there beauty be not lessened, have cast them out, nor will Southern Methodist University receive them—even the wicked can not glory in them."

We drove up to the front gate of Drew and there we viewed an endless line of souls marching through the university arch. Etched in the stone of the arch was the altered Drew crest. Where it had once read in Greek "Welcome to fun city" it now read "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."



Reverend Wesley parked the cars and we walked through the gate together. Before us was a river which the reverend called Acheron. Rev Wesley spoke, "You are to be given life so that you may spread the word of repentance among the heathen Drewids. But first, you must pass through the Inferno. You shall learn to hate the sins of Drew."

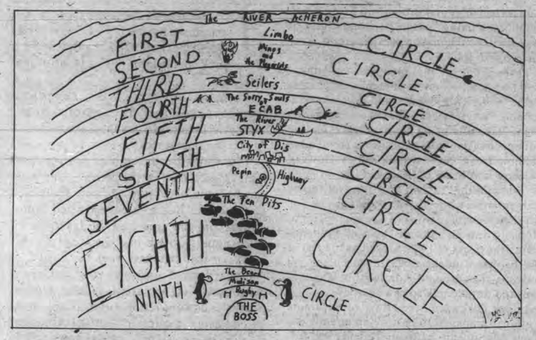
And then, advancing toward us in a boat, an aged admissions officer—his hair was white with years. He was shouting, "Woe to you, corrupted souls! Forget your hope of ever seeing Harvard. I come to lead you to the other shore, to the eternal dark, to fire and frost." Upon hearing this, I fainted.

Upon waking, I found myself within the first circle of Hell, Limbo. It was a dull place. All about me were the apathetic souls of Drew. They had not sinned, their pathetic inaction bound them to Limbo. They would be deprived of hope and consumed by a longing for eternity.

eternity.

Rev. Wesley rushed us through Limbo and down a steep cliff which lead to Hell proper. At the very edge of the second circle of Hell we came across a dreadful beast named Minos.

In my fear I begged of my guide, "O you who honor art and science both, who is this beast before us?"



And the Reverend said unto me, "This grotesque creature is the judge and J-Board of the Inferno. When the ill-fated souls appear before him they confess all, even their S.A.T. scores. Minos decides which place in Hell shall be the souls' end; wrapping his twitching tail about himself one coil for each degree."

Minos, upon hearing the Reverend, slithered over to address us. When he spoke, the stench of his breath made me reel, and so I fainted before hearing what he had to say.

When I awoke we were deep within the second circle. A great tempest raged about us, and above us the souls of the damned were being whirled and battered by the wind.

The Reverend shouted above the wind, "Harken and you shall hear the confession of a soul from the tempest!"

Rev. Wesley then snatched at a soul as it flew by. The soul cried out in anguish, for Reverend Wesley had seized him by his manhood and would not let go. The wretch confessed, "I am a plagiarist! I stole the works of others and called them my own. Procrastination corrupted me."

The Reverend let the soul go and we left.

When we entered the third circle it began to snow and rain ice. As we walked we passed a sign which read "Welcome to Seiler's Food Service."It was at this point that we viewed the horror of gluttons.

The circle was a gigantic garbage dump, the souls of the damned lay frozen

in the refuse. They were covered in the icky slime of brussel sprouts, cabbage, spinach quiche, and rancid milk; all of which they had at one time mixed into tiny glasses for their amusement.

These sorry souls were being harassed by Cerberus, a ravenous three headed dog. Cerberus would nibble and munch upon the sinners, only pausing to bark out in glee,"Your card please, one entree, wait on line."

The chefs, employees, and managers of Seiler's were there too. Those forlorn sinners were subjected to lewd cases of indigestion and other unsettled conditions of the intestines too ghastly to recount.

We continued to follow our path downward into the fourth circle. And there I came to see the corrupt members of E.C.A.B. My guide did not need to explain the sins of these souls, for it was obvious that these were the hoarders and the wasters.

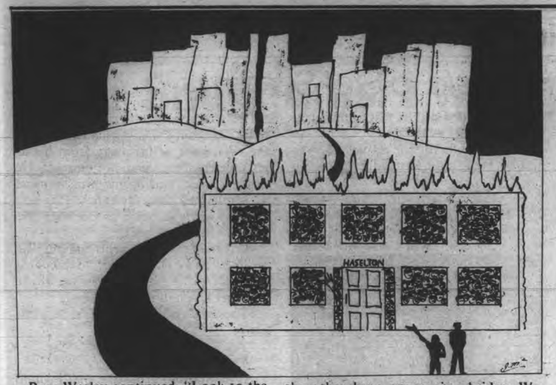
We traveled until we reached a river called Styx.This dreary swamp was the fifth circle.

Here I saw a nation of lost souls that strained against enormous boulders. A war between the hoarders and the wasters raged as each, with mad howls, rolled boulders over the other. As each soul was crushed by a bolder so they rose up again to roll the bolder back in retaliation.

We did not remain there long, a concern for our livelihoods urged us on. We traveled until we reached a black marsh calld Styx. This dreary swamp was the fifth circle.

Within the bog we beheld a mass of sinners who were savage with anger, naked, and festooned with slime. They tore, slashed, and ripped at each other's limbs, each soul striving to do the other greater harm.

"Behold the writers of worthless opinion editorials," shouted the Reverend. "These are the fools who complained of campus evils but who never offered solutions. These are the wrathful, the whiners: forever shall they be damned to piss up a rope."



Rev. Wesley continued, "Look to the bubbling surface of the black marsh. There are souls beneath that water. They are the sullen who lacked school spirit. They are the bitter who never attended a basketball game."

As we stood at the edge of the swamp a boat appeared and raced towards us. As the boat approached, Rev. Wesley shouted to the ferryman,"Friend, give us passage across this polluted channel to the city of Dis. We seek Hell's capital."

Feeling cheated of a soul to torment, the ferryman wheezed a whisper of agreement and gave us passage across the filthy slew.

The city of Dis resembled the city of Newark. It was cluttered with belching smoke stacks and soot covered apartment buildings.

As we walked through the gates of Dis we saw that the buildings were dorms in the shape of coffins. Each dorm was packed until its walls bulged with the souls of administrators. These spirits were the housing officials and admissions officers who had brought about campus over-crowding.

This sight gave me great pleasure, for I saw that flames and great waves of glowing heat inflicted atrocious pain upon the souls. I viewed justice and I was happy.

The path of the sixth circle became Pepin Highway upon the seventh circle. It was upon Pepin Highway that the souls of security guards were tormented.

The punishment was cruel. The security guards would try to cross the highway in order to get to a near-by Dunkin Donuts. As they crossed, their own security cars would run a stop sign and crush them into the hot, festering tar of the street.

Beyond the highway was a thicket of ugly shrubs. The gnarled branches of the srubs produced black leaves with small red fruit.

As we walked among the deformed shrubs, the Reverend plucked a berry from a bush. I heard a lamenting whine from the bush so horrid that it deprived me of speech.

The nurses and doctors of the infirmary had been transformed into Sudafed bushes. The tormented souls of the seventh plane, in search of healing, would pick at the berries. In this way the souls locked within the were molested.

As we stood among the shrubs there came two bureaucrats who fled. They were unable to run quickly, for they were bound in red tape and had financial aid forms protruding from every orifice of their naked bodies.

As the bureaucrats fled, two rabid squirrels fell upon them, eager and swift. The squirrels ripped them piece by piece into a miserable heap of squalid flesh. It was a delightfully horrid sight.

I was eager to remain and watch more bureaucrates meet their doom, but my guide urged me on to the eight circle.

The eigth, bordered by a great cliff, was made up of ten pits each connected to the other by a suspension bridge. We were going to use the bridges to walk over the pits and look down on the souls below.

The demon agreed to bring us down to the eighth circle and before we could say "Amen" we were there.

The first pit was disheartening, for it held the self serving officers of the student government. Demons inflicted outlandish wounds upon the souls by whipping and beating them about the head. It was rather like a lacrosse game. I had seen it all before.

Rev. Wesley assured me that the second pit would be worse, and it was.

The second pit contained the false flatterers of professors, the brown nosers. These pathetic undergraduates were immersed in a rank mire of excrement. The felons were forced to suck down the vile feces of their false admiration.

The third pit held the staff of the glorious physical plan. Every one from the janitors to the plant supervisor was buried head first in burning work-order forms. The higher their office, the more fierce the blaze.

When we approached the fourth pit, we hardened to the sorrowful wail of tormented administrators. The twisted souls who trudged below our ancient bridge were more concerned with the future than with the present. These were the dolts who would have spent millions of dollars on an outdatd sports complex for the students of the future, yet not spend a dime on the students of the present.

These spirits had their faces twisted toward their backs, so that the tears which fell from their eyes ran down the cleft of their buttocks. These remorseful

souls would eternally suffer with the anguish of their hindsight.

We walked by the fifth and sixth pits quickly, for my guide was seized by a sudden sense of urgency which I could not explain.

Rev. Wesley shouted,"Look quickly in the fifth pit and you shall see souls boiling in viscid pitch. These are the students who removed other people's laundry from he dryer before its time. And in the sixth pit you shall see the informers who turned their keg living peers over to the administration. Those felons have been fitted with a second anus, so their cries for anguish shall take on a more fitting form. And further ahead, the pit which holds the white collar...

I was inclined to take the Reverend's word for it, since we ran too swiftly for me to look and the noise of pounding wings interrupted us.

Wings? Demons, they were after us!

In my fright I whimpered,"Oh gentle spirit why do these demons hunt us?"

And the Reverend to me,"Because they seek to cast your soul into a pit. They do not know of your absolution."

In my fright I whimpered, "Oh gentle spirit why do these demons hunt us?" And the Reverend answered,"Because they seek to cast your soul into a pit. They do not know of your absolution."

In fear I queried, "And what pit is this?" Rev.Wesley replied,"Behold the pit we now run too. The Pit of Artistic Mis-spellers."

At the thought of those ill-mannered demons casting me into the pit, fear deprived me of my senses. I fainted.

When I awoke, we were sitting by the ninth pit, far beyond the Pit of Artistic Mis-spellers. I rose to my feet, thanked the forces that paid my tuition, and decided not to ask just how Rev. Wesley had gotten me out of trouble.

Within the ninth pit were the souls of those who had divided the university. These were the people who had reduced student input, prevented open communication between the colleges and formed the Committee to Dissolve Committees for the Organization of Committees on Redundant Committees.

Below I observed devils chopping at the souls. I viewed one man ripped right from his chin to where we fart, leaving his bowels to dangle between his legs. I vomited.

I continued to blow donuts and woof my cookies right past the tenth pit. So, I honestly do not know who was tormented there. Though I believe it was reserved for fraternity men and sorority women.

The Ninth and final plane of hell was a surprise. It was frozen and consisted of three plateaus, each a barren wastleland.

The first plateau was a frozen lake of black ice. Paralyzed within the ice were the members of the board of trustees, up to their necks in frost. To persecute them further was a great black demon who walked about with an axe, divesting the heads and bodies of the trustees.

The second plateau was made up of people whom I did not recognize. These spirits were frozen to the surface of the icy flat . Their naked breasts were left exposed to the passion of snarling, drooling man-eating penguins. My guide muttered,"These are the politicians and people of Madison who had no love for Drew."

The third plateau of Hell's most horrid circle was a vast and frozen rugby field. Buried up to their necks were the administrators who had banned kegs, required life, and generally considereed under graduates to be a loathsome lot.

I thought this looked like great fun and longed to join in. The rugby players seemed happy as they kicked, stomped, and pounced upon the heads of administrators.

All good things must come to an end, and so we had to go.

In order to leave we had to pass the Terror Which Can Not Be Told, the Emperor of the Universe of Pain, the beast called Satan, the fallen angel Lucifer, the archenemy Beelzebub, the Dean of Housing, Mr. Mephistopheles, the Devil himself.

Dear reader, do not ask me to recount what I saw. For lo! My blood ran cold at the sight of him. Oh, the terror I felt! I can not write of it, for I fainted.

I awoke in my dorm room to the gentle sounds of the Greatful Dead, broadcast upon WMNJ the voice of Drew University. I was safe.

Oh you possessed of sturdy intellects observe the teachings of my humble tale. Recognize your sins and repent, least you too be cast into the Inferno.

Written by:
George Furman
Sketches:
John Meagher

Entertainment

Frenching a Turk *From Vienna cafe to* Star Search

By Marisa Lomask
Staff Writer

I was supposed to meet my friend Lenka in Vienna. She was working in Salzburg, and I was traveling on business with my dad. But she, taking the summer to realize that she's an alcoholic, got drunk and ended up in Munich instead. I gave up searching for her in Vienna at five and got a hotel room near the station from where I would be leaving the following day. I was going to catch up with my father in Geneva. I took a shower and made phone calls until dinner time.

I walked about two miles before sitting down to a table at a sidewalk restaurant. Spaghetti and a beer. (I had grown used to drinking at dinner with my Dad.)

"Excuse me, I heard you order in English. Would you mind talking with me to practice my English?" asked a dark-haired man, not greying although definitely over forty.

Tired, melancholy, and naive, I said, "Oh, no...of course not." Although he stayed at his table, he turned his chair towards me.

"I noticed you ordered beer. Beer?...In Vienna?...Oh, no, no. Beer is for Germans. Wine...wine is what we drink in Austria. We are much less militant in Austria."

"Oh."

"You are American?" I could hear a strong accent in his speech, but it was not familiar.

"Yes, I'm from the United States."

"I thought you would say you are from Canada. Americans always say they are from Canada. You know that you should be proud that you are from America. America is a great country. I should know; I have many friends there and I've been there twice."

"Oh? Where do your friends in the States live?"

"Yes, many places. Me? I am not Austrian. I am Turkish. I am only staying with some friends here in Vienna.

"I should take you to a very nice pub. You will like it, I know."

"I'm sure it's a great place, but really...I have to get back and call my dad. I said I would call him at midnight. "It was a lie. But when I first meet people, I always lie. Its a matter of sport and self-defense.

"My friend, it is only there," he pointed, "You should take a look at least. The building is over three hundred years old."

The pub was crowded and the Turk was right; it was an impressive place with its location in the basement and the huge grey stones that made the walls. We sat down at one of the rough-cut wood tables, and he ordered a carafe of wine. Our conversation, laughter, and lies became more and more fluent until he said: "You know, you are so captivating, you.. should go on Star Search."

"What?" Half in drunken hysterics and half in mortal fear. What kind of man is this anyway?

"Yes, Star Search."

"And what would I do on Star Search?"

"Oh, just be yourself...incredible.. animated. Just yourself." He said this with a huge, dreamy smile.

This scared me. But still, I was in a heavily crowded public place and a taxi was as far away as the exit.

It took awhile for the conversation to pick up, but as soon as it did, he got weird again.

With that same dreamy smile, "Allison [my alias], my dear friend, we have become such good friends. I will teach you a pact that swears our friendship.

Whenever you are in Turkey, you will stay with me, and whenever I am in Georgia (another lie), I will stay with you."

I do not remember the words to the vow, but I do remember that it ended with him planting a big, ugly, wet kiss on my face. It was time to go.

Outside, I said good-bye and hailed a taxi, but he climbed in behind me.

"You don't understand. I'm going to the station," I said.

"I must go in that direction also," he persisted.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to be rude, but I was getting nervous. In the taxi, I sat as far away from his as possible, but that was not enough. He reached over, putting his arms around me, pulling me towards him.

"Why are you being so distant?" He started kissing my neck.

Wriggling out of his arms and pushing his face away, I pleaded, "Stop. Just don't. Don't." He stopped pawing, but he wouldn't let go of my right hand.

"These rings, are they from your fiance?"

"Yes."

"Yes? How nice."

At the station, I told him that I would pay for the taxi, but he could then take it home. He said that his friends lived near the station; he could walk from the station. He walked with me towards my hotel. My mind was swimming in a confused terror. In front of the hotel, I was relieved to see a doorman watching us as we approached.

"It was very nice meeting you, but I must call my father. It's late, you know. So, good night."

"No, no. This cannot be. It is much too late for me to go back to my friends' house. I stay with you."

I was loosing patience. "No you won't, I am going to call my father and you may not stay with me."

"But I must. You must allow me to stay. We made a pact. We are friends. I stay with you."

My voice was straining, "No—You—Will—Not! You will go to your friends' house." The Turk saw that I was making eye contact with the doorman/night watchman. "You will not..."

"Okay, I will go. Good-bye, my dear Allison." But just as I turned to go in, he grabbed my head and gave me a grotesque slobber of a kiss that seemed to envelop my entire face. I ran into the hotel, up to my room and spent the rest of my night scrubbing myself.

On the train to Geneva, I reflected on my stay in Vienna. I was worried about Lenka, but if she didn't have a good excuse for this stunt, I was going to hurt her. Badly.

And you gave me something that I won't forget too soon

By Amanda Johnson
Staff Writer

"IT should have been different," she said. "I would have liked it to have been different my first time."

We sat on her bed, talking in low tones so her mother wouldn't hear, with a Cure tape playing as cover noise on her stereo.

Susan was younger than me—seventeen. She has real talent in art. Of all things in her life, that seems to be one of the few areas that comes easy for her.

"I was sleeping over at my best friend Andrea's house and her twenty-six year old brother who lived in California was home for the holidays. Andrea had fallen asleep and so had I, but I woke up later that night, and wandered out to get a glass of water. To get to the sink I had to pass through the living room.

"So we ended up in his bed and well, you know..."

"Richard was there watching some late night film on TV. So I went in to say hi, sat down on the sofa and was kind of watching TV—talking with him and he ran his fingers over my feet, tickling them, and started rubbing his hand against my thighs. I said, teasing him, but serious, 'You better watch out or I might get too excited,' but he kept massaging and it felt so I good I didn't want it to stop. I mean, I would've been able to end it there, if I'd really wanted to, but I didn't want to enough, I just couldn't stop..." Her voice trailed off.

"So we ended up in his bed and well, you know...."

I nodded. Understandingly, I hoped. I wasn't going to press for the details.

"It...he was so big! It didn't hurt too much, felt really good later. When we finished he lay there looking at me and said 'You're beautiful' and played with my boobs some more: I was glad he thought I was, that I could satisfy an experienced guy."

"But you *did* enjoy yourself, didn't you?" I asked.

"The insides of my legs are still a bit sore," she said, grimacing. "Yeah, it was good, but what came after wasn't so good. We knew Andrea would want to kill first her brother and then me for sleeping together if she guessed, so we made up a story and I went back to her room. She was awake and asked me 'Where have you been all this time?'

"I said, 'Richard asked me to go smoke a joint with him in his room, but I decided not to.'

"She wasn't believing this, but only going along with me, really suspicious. Andrea wouldn't speak to me a all except to say sarcastically, 'Now let me get this straight, Susan. You just happened to be thirsty and you went to get a glass of water and just happened to get into conversation with my brother, who you barely know, and he happened to suggest you go smoke pot with him, right?'

"There was no convincing her that nothing had happened. The next day I went home—Andrea was still furious with me. This last week I haven't been able to eat. I don't think I'm pregnant, it was too close to my period, but I'm worried. Richard left for California, I don't even know where he lives, how to get in touch with him, just to talk to him, and if I am pregnant, to tell him that I don't expect him to do anything—"

She was crying and I held her, hugging her. "It'll be okay, if you need money I'll lend it to you. It's okay, it's all right. Sue, it'll be okay."

Soon after, I had to leave for college, and she had to return to her senior year of high school. She called in December to tell me she wasn't pregnant, that she was never going to get in such a mess again. She had a new boyfriend and I shouldn't think she was a fickle slut, because it's different with Dave, he's romantic and good looking, in a different way than Richard.

When I came home the next summer, something had changed. We talked about other friends, but our silences grew more awkward the longer we talked. Doubtless, she was relieved to lose herself in other friendships when she entered the state university. I was no longer welcome as a confidant, or even as more than a passing acquaintance. As a person I no longer existed. I was only the reminder of what she'd told me, and didn't really want to recall.

The girls next door

By Jamie Lavender
Staff Writer

DEMO was getting tired. There wasn't a single other Greek person on the whole campus. He hated it. It hurt, to feel companionship with no one. The men couldn't understand him, and did not even try to. The women gave him seductive glances, only to sneer with disgust when he smiled at them. The women...

"They're all lesbians," he stated aloud.

His mother was a lesbian, a Greek lesbian, like Sappho. He had never been bothered by it. He accepted it, it was how she was, after all, and not for him to challenge. His mother never hated men, though, and she certainly loved Demo. These flaunty American girls didn't like him at all. The loved no one but each other. He despised and was attracted to them at the same time.

Living in the coed dormitory was only making matters worse. He could hear them through the walls, nuzzling and pleasing each other while he lay alone in bed at night. In Greece, when he was younger, he would creep to his mother's door at night to listen. Now he could not close his ears tightly enough. It was torment. Demo could not sleep until they finished, when the sighing stopped, and then he would drift off into silent dreamless depths.

He recalled, as he stirred in his bed and began to awaken, when he used to dream back home...

The nights were warm and open-windowed. He would lie on his bed, half asleep, while the ceiling fan blew him gently, deeper and deeper. Like a lover it caressed him. Then Sarah, his beautiful, dark-skinned Israelite, would step softly into his room, leading his mother by the hand. His mother would sit in the chair in the corner, observing approvingly as Sarah slid into bed and took Demo into her. Then, after she had drawn his finish from him, he would smoothly kiss down her lean brown body. He would eat, gripping her as though she were a beautiful pink spreading fruit. And when her paroxysm ended, when her fluttering hips stilled, they would hold each other tightly. His mother would come sit on the edge of the bed and stroke Sarah's hair. She whispered beautiful words; he could smell the olive scent of her tongue and as she faded she would be saying

"Oh, Demo. Always oversleeping. It's time for school!" and the first thing he'd see when he opened his eyes to the morning was the ceiling fan, spinning placidly above him, spreading the fresh warm air. Then he'd lean over and take spring water from the glass pitcher on his night table. The clear liquid would wash Sarah back into his mouth...

Now there was an empty Coke can on the floor next to his bed, and the stale, sour taste of nicotine on his tongue. Demo rose, trying not to think about the American music bearing down on him from the room above.

Entertainment

Dear Snuggums, I wuv you wif all my wittle heart

By Nancy Volkers
Staff Writer

I hate Valentine's Day!" I announce loudly. "It is a silly and ridiculous holiday! Yuch!".

This is a yearly tirade I used to go through, until finally I just accepted the fact that the whole thing is probably some scheme concocted by the government. After all, when you're in love, everything starts to look good, even taxes.

The best part about Valentine's Day in grade school was that it was an excuse for another party. It fell right after the Groundhog Day party and right before the Washington's Birthday bash. So you had your mom buy the packages of valentines with great sayings like "Don't chicken out! Be my Valentine! (with accompanying pictorial)" and "Happy Valentine's Day to one of my favorite peep-le! (also with amazing color graphic)." Out of these, you had to find the most decent one (hopefully one that didn't have a play on words involving some farm animal) and reserve that for the person you *really* liked. Then you ranked everybody else, giving the really bad ones to the people you hated but still had to give a valentine so no one would be left out.

Those were the days.

After grade school, the celebrations stopped being so socialistic, and you really had to be involved with someone to have any kind of fun on Valentine's Day.

This is when I started hating it.

I really used to become disgusted with the "Love Lines" section of the regional newspaper.

"I can't stand this! Read this, just *read* this! 'Dear Snuggums, I wuv you wif all of my wittle heart. Pwease always be mine, love and cuddles, Pookie'!! I am sickened!"

It's true, love does strange things to people. They suddenly start talking baby talk, calling each other pet names, and mispronouncing words that start with L. This is usually only a private thing, but once in a while someone will slip up and then your best friend (who is usually the person who gets to hear all this disgusting mush) will be on your back for months.

"So how's your little 'Sugar Bear' doing, huh Nance? How's 'Cutesy-Poo'? Huh? Well? Huh?"

It's enough to make you want to crawl into a hole. Or find a new best friend.

I really didn't like the holiday because in school I was painfully shy, so even if I *did* like someone enough to give them a card, I probably couldn't get up the nerve. (Also, with cards like "Canoe be my valentine?" I wasn't exactly in a rush to try and win anybody over.)

Secondly, my school was so small that everyone would have known about it in the time span of about three seconds and I would have been fatally embarrassed.

Plus, if it was such a great holiday, how come we had to go to school in the first place?

Since those days I have noticed that whenever mention of this holiday is heard by people who are:

1) Not involved in any sort of relationship;

2) Involved in a relationship that they hate and are planning to dissolve before February 14 so they don't have to worry about a present;

3) Involved in more than one relationship;

the best reaction I seem to get is a wild-eyed stare followed by, "I HATE VALENTINE'S DAY!!!!!!!"

Sometimes they try for the jugular.

It is not a pretty sight.

I agree with these people. People in love are disgusting. They touch each other *in public* with no regard for other people's feelings, they *kiss* publicly, call each other cutesy names, and are generally very happy, which is against the law. Plus, when they're *not* happy, they're in the depths of despair and agony because they've found out that their Cuddlykins, the one *they* have loved and supported and been faithful to, has just:

1) Joined a Mongolian cult which preaches the advantages of natural body color, celibacy, and worshipping Shaun Cassidy (not just his music, but his acting);

2) Decided that he/she would really rather "have my freedom, y'know, just to, like, find myself, and well, y'know, like, become closer to nature, and well, y'know..."—you know, screw around;

3) Told you that he liked your hair better when it was long.

I guess psychotic people deserve a holiday too.

Massage

THE Center for Health Enhancement is sponsoring a shiatsu massage workshop on Friday, February 19 at 7:30 p.m.

Shiatsu is a special form of deep massage developed in the Orient performed by application of pressure on various points along "meridians" or lines of energy flow in the body, resulting in increased vitality as well as relaxation.

Workshop participants will learn and practice techniques of shiatsu self massage, as well as exercises to stretch, tone, and balance the body's meridian system and to stimulate life force and increase mental clarity. Please wear comfortable clothing.

The Center for Health Enhancement is located at 122 Speedwell Avenue, in Morristown. The workshop costs $20 in advance or $25 at the door. For further information, call 540-1677.

My chilly Valentine

By Micki Lennon
Staff Writer

Your pallor causes blush to mount my cheeks,
as I mount you, and burrow in your hair.
I long to weave a garment, make a snare
of your cool flesh; dissolve in you for weeks
of ecstacy; as seed in autumn seeks
to sink deep into mud, in springtime air
to blossom. I taste your breasts, whisper, share
my secrets in your silent hollows, peaks.
I, more than others, tremble at the sight:
your flesh, like to mine, except for chillness;
though they recoil and say it isn't right,
it brings me great joy like ne'er before your illness,
joining you to me; you no longer fight,
struggle, plead, but lie in deadly stillness.

To Tullio—
HAPPY V-DAY!
Maurice

To Jenn:
If you think that when
I'm quiet I'm not your friend
You've got another thing comin'
Because your my Valenten.
Love, Chris

G.
Well dear, we made it through three Valentine's Days. Hope this one goes just as well.
Love You, B.

You, Chris.
From Your Geeky, Luny, Crazy, Indian friend-Rumi

Figy, Can't believe it's been 3 years since we met. You're the sexiest guy I know. Glad we're still best friends and drinking buddies.
Wend.

To: Mike Falk
Happy Valentine's Day, MIKE.
YOU ASKED ME TO DO THIS.
— a stranger

My dearest Pooka-bear
I never knew that I could love someone as much as I love you. You make me very happy.
Forever Yours
S.

Zis is the ACORN Vee do not boo-gie.

To the hot, passionate wo-man,
Meet you at the love palace next weekend where we'll sip champagne, and do whatever else comes to mind.
Willy

J—
I'll ride with you anytime!
Olive Juice.
—L

P.S. Please don't steal the motorcycle.

C. Smurf
Things are better and Nov 23 is still on my mind.
— Jerome

K.P.,
Right across the hall for three months and it took me til now. I'm so clueless sometimes.

To all Students of Drew,
Have a happy Valentine's Day!
I love you all. You all are special to me.

Annie,
I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU...

Popo,
I've been looking up at you ever since you arrived on campus...and I must say that I'd have it no other way.

Dan Rather
Ann:
Have a heard!
Ken & Alan

Ashok Suryawanshi
Box 1664

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Culture is real,
But, are you?
from L.L. to 160+ students!

Dear Roy,
We love your PIT!!!

Happy Valentine's Day to my friends in Tolley third, Brown third, & Foster third, especially my roommates Lynn and Kim.

I Love you!
Carrie-Ann

Lisa F.
I've got my mind set on you. I'll serenade you tomorrow.
($1 enclosed)

Dearest Mike,
Happy "Headless-Roman" Day.
May it be filled with the sound of mating birds and grumbling girls
Love,
Tolley 1st

On this RED day, the evil triplets send you, the fraternity brothers.

Love, JK

All my love,
Anne

love, hugs, and kisses
XOXO
The TTT sorority

M,
Just keep them guessing.
It's more fun that way.
P

Happy V-Day to all the Acorn editors. Thursday night is not the same without you!!
H,
So close to number 4, yet so far.
Love,
Anne

Robert Dean
What can I say, DOCTOR DEAN! Your'e my all-time favorite dude — medical school couldn't happen to a nicer guy!
I Love You
TCD

Dear Andrew,
Through thick and through thin,
Through good and bad,
You is the best guy
I ever had!!
Will you be my Valentine?
Love, Chrissy

Tickler
What a wonderful suprise it's been. And all because of J.M. I'm so happy! (Can I borrow some money to buy you flowers?)
Love,
Tickled

Aime,
Tuffer Prefix

Sports

Rangers Roundup

Men's Basketball

7-13 overall		MAC 5-8
11/20	Swarthmore¹	W80-60
11/21	Washington¹	L60-73
11/24	Allentown	L66-67
12/02	at New Jersey Tech	L63-73
12/05	at DELAWARE VAL.	L69-77
12/07	at KING'S (PA)	W60-57
12/08	SCRANTON	L67-77
1/09	KING'S (PA)	L69-70
1/11	Vassar	W76-71
1/13	at WILKES	L57-61
1/16	SUSQUEHANNA OT	W69-64
1/20	at MORAVIAN	L65-78
1/23	LYCOMING	W89-80
1/27	FDU-MADISON	L65-67
1/29	JUNIATA	L59-80
2/01	at SCRANTON	L51-65
2/03	at Caldwell	L66-76
2/06	at Manhattanville OT	L102-115
2/08	WILKES	W96-85
2/10	at ELIZABETHTOWN	W94-78

CAPS denote MAC games
¹Rose City Classic

February 6, 1988 (Sat.)

DREW (102)
Pendergrast 6 11-14 25, Diverio 2 6-6 11, McNally 0 0-0 0, Milano 13 6-6 38, Novak 2 2-2 6, Wall 1 0-0 2, Hughes 6 4-6 16, Holland 0 0-0 0, Newcomb 2 0-0 4. Totals 32 29-34 102.

Drew	42	51 **9--102**
Manhattanville	48	45 **22--115**

3-point goals-Milano 6, Pendergrast 2, Diverio.

Upcoming...

FRI 2/12	SAT 2/13	SUN 2/14	MON 2/15	TUE 2/16	WED 2/17	THR 2/18
MB at Messiah 8:00pm	MB at Haverford 7:30pm		MB at FDU-Madison 7:30pm	WB at King's (Pa) 7:00pm	MB Albright 7:30pm	

February 8, 1988 (Mon.)

DREW (96)
Pendergrast 6 0-1 15, Diverio 2 2-6 6, McNally 0 0-0 0, Milano 13 2-3 35, Novak 7 2-3 16, Hughes 3 1-2 7, Newcomb 3 0-0 6, Pingitore 3 0-0 7, Holland 1 0-2 2, Beneducci 0 0-0 0, Wall 0 2-4 2. Totals 38 9-21 96.

Wilkes	37	**48--85**
Drew	47	**49--96**

3-point goals-Milano 7, Pendergrast 3, Pingitore.

February 10, 1988 (Wed.)

DREW (94)
Pendergrast 9 8-9 27, Diverio 0 2-2 2, McNally 2 1-2 5, Milano 14 3-5 36, Novak 7 2-2 16, Wall 1 2-2 4, Hughes 2 0-1 4, Holland 0 0-0 0, Newcomb 0 0-0 0. Totals 35 18-23 94.

Drew	43	**51--94**
Elizabethtown	30	**48--78**

3-point goals-Milano 5, Pendergrast 1.

Women's Basketball

3-16 overall		MAC 2-11
11/21	Johns Hopkins¹	L56-65
11/22	St. Elizabeth's¹	L47-58
11/24	at Bryn Mawr	L44-62
12/03	at DELAWARE VAL.	L66-83
12/05	HAVERFORD	W57-36
12/07	Allegheny	L30-80
1/12	KING'S (PA)	L50-71
1/14	at WIDENER	L51-64
1/16	UPSALA	L53-61
1/18	Vassar	W60-46
1/21	DELAWARE VALLEY	L62-75
1/23	at Cedar Crest 2OT	L66-71
1/26	at FDU-MADISON	L38-63
1/28	SCRANTON	L38-68
2/01	NEW JERSEY TECH	W53-34
2/03	at UPSALA	L61-66
2/06	MORAVIAN	L59-77
2/08	FDU-MADISON	L49-56
2/10	at SCRANTON	L22-69

CAPS denote MAC games
¹Rose City Classic

February 6, 1988 (Sat.)

DREW (59)
Rulli 5 1-1 11, Gill 3 0-0 6, Tamuccio 5 4-4 14, Stone 1 0-2 2, Proulx 4 5-5 13, Bayha 2 0-0 4, Gabel 3 0-0 6, Tomaszewski 0 0-2 0, Williams 0 0-0 0, Rice 0 0-0 0, Edgerton 0 0-0 0, Johnson 0 0-0 0, Lee 1 1-2 3. Totals 24 11-16 59.

Moravian	37	**40--77**
Drew	27	**32--59**

3-point goals-None.

February 8, 1988 (Mon.)

DREW (49)
Rulli 3 2-2 8, Gill 3 0-0 6, Tamuccio 6 2-4 14, Stone 2 0-0 4, Proulx 7 1-1 15, Gabel 0 0-0 0, Bayha 1 0-0 2, Tomaszewski 0 0-0 0. Totals 22 5-7 49.

FDU-Madison	25	**31--56**
Drew	25	**24--49**

3-point goals-None.

February 10, 1988 (Wed.)

DREW (22)
Rulli 0 0-0 0, Gabel 2 0-0 4, Tamuccio 10-0 2, Stone 3 1-2 7, Proulx 2 0-0 4, Bayha 2 0-0 4, Williams 0 0-0 0, Johnson 0 0-0 0, Edgerton 0 0-0 0, Lee 0 1-2 1, Rice 0 0-0 0. Totals 10 2-4 22.

Drew	15	**7--22**
Scranton	34	**35--69**

3-point goals-None.

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Monday, February 22nd at 4 pm in the BC Chapel

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Sports

Woes continue for Lady Rangers *Three more losses*

By Ken Harner
Staff Writer

It was another disappointing week for the women's basketball team as the Lady Rangers dropped three games and watched their record fall to 3-16.

Against Moravian Saturday, Drew started out strong and controlled the tempo early in the game. The host Lady Rangers were particularly effective in breaking the Moravian full-court press to set up some easy baskets.

On defense, the Rangers played tough and forced the Lady Greyhounds into several early turnovers. "In the first ten minutes, we played our best basketball of the year," said Coach Jeff Brown.

On the offensive end, guard Donna Rulli was hot from the outside and nailed a couple of long-range jumpers to give Drew the early lead. This opened up the inside for Drew as Moravian had to guard against the outside shot.

The Rangers took immediate advantage of the situation as Dana Tamuccio and Kim Bayha each converted offensive rebounds into layups to give Drew a 15-10 lead with 13:33 left in the first half.

But Moravian stormed right back and dominated the rest of the way. After calling a timeout, the Lady Greyhounds came out with renewed intensity and outscored Drew by a 27-12 margin to end the half with a 37-27 lead. The Lady Rangers were hurt by turnovers, and Moravian's tenacious defense and press disrupted the team's offensive flow.

"The full-court pressure hurt us," explained Brown. "We still have trouble breaking the press, but we're improving."

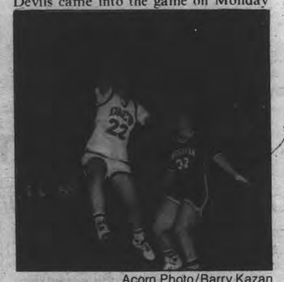
The second half brought more of the same for the Lady Rangers as Moravian extended its lead with an early surge. Drew was unable to score for the first three minutes of the half. With 15:40 left in the game, Moravian had built up a 52-31 lead and maintained its advantage the rest of the way.

The Lady Greyhounds dominated the boards in the half and the Rangers were almost powerless to stop Moravian's strong offensive rebounding. Moravian got many second and third chances on offense, which allowed them to build up the big lead.

Turnovers continued to be the Achilles Heel of the Lady Rangers in the second half. Just when it seemed that Drew was on the verge of making a comeback, a bad pass would set up a Moravian layup and dash the Ranger hopes.

The final score read Moravian 77, Drew 59. For the game, the Lady Rangers were led by Tamuccio, who scored 14 points and grabbed nine rebounds. Sam Proulx and Rulli, with 13 and 11 points respectively, also scored in double figures.

Next up was FDU-Madison. The Lady Devils came into the game on Monday with loads of confidence, having defeated Drew handily earlier in the season. But the Lady Rangers came out of the game with a vengeance.



Acorn Photo/Barry Kazan
Sam Proulx goes up for two.

Early on, it looked as if the Rangers were going to run away with the game. Drew's tenacious trapping defense held FDU to two points in the first five minutes and forced several turnovers as the Rangers jumped to a 10-2 lead.

"We like to get out to a strong start becuase it builds confidence," Brown said. "We knew their (FDU's) point guard was out with an injury, so we put on the pressure."

The lead didn't last long. The Lady Rangers turned ice-cold on offense and FDU started to break through the Drew defense to get some easy baskets. The Lady Devils also began to show their superiority on the offensive boards.

With 9:14 left in the half, the game was tied at 14-14. "We relaxed a little and lost some of our intensity," Brown explained. "Plus, they finally adjusted to our defense."

The rest of the half was a struggle for both teams as neither could muster any offensive attack. The lead changed hands several times but the half ended with the score tied at 25. Tamuccio and Proulx combined for 17 of Drew's 25 first-half points.

At the beginning of the second half, the crosstown rivals continued to trade baskets. Proulx hit two jumpers to start the half for Drew, but FDU matched the Lady Rangers basket for basket. With 15:22 left in the half, the score was still tied, 29-29.

Finally, one team stepped forward to take control of the game. Unfortunately, it wasn't Drew. The key to FDU's emergence was its ability to easily break the Ranger press and get the transition game going. The Lady Rangers had trouble keeping up with the quicker Lady Devils.

The Rangers were not out of it, though. After trailing 43-46 with 9:20 remaining, Drew ran off six straight points to get within one. But FDU would not give up the lead and they picked up the pace even further and ran away from the Lady Rangers.

For most of the game, the Lady Rangers had avoided the costly turnovers which had hurt them in other games. But over the last five minutes of the game, the turnovers returned and Drew was doomed. The final score was 56-49.

"They went man-to-man for the last eight minutes, and we usually play well against that defense," said Brown. "But we weren't patient on offense and took some bad shots."

Proulx led the Rangers with 15 points for the game and Tamuccio added 14. Tamuccio again led Drew with eight rebounds, and Bayha pulled down seven rebounds, six in the second half.

Wednesday, the team traveled to Scranton to take on the defending Division III champs. The Rangers stayed close early, scoring 13 points in the first eight minutes, but then only scored two points in the next 20 minutes en route to a 69-22 defeat.

"In the first minutes, we showed that we can play Scranton tough," said Brown. "And we were getting good shots but they just weren't falling."

Cheryl Stone led the way for Drew with seven points and eight rebounds. Team scoring leader Tamuccio was held to two points.

The Scranton loss was the fourth in a row for the Lady Rangers, which may be good news. Each of the Drew's three wins this year has come after a four-game losing streak. The Rangers play next at King's Tuesday night.

Quote of the week

Women's head coach Jeff Brown, arguing a referee's call in the FDU-Madison game, when Dana Tamuccio was called for a blocking foul despite having her feet planted: "She was there since last Tuesday."

Look out, Celtics

Acorn Photo/Mike Falk
The Drew faculty and staff basketball team gets set for its showdown against the intramural champion Runnin' Rebels, to be played Wednesday at 6:00, prior to the men's basketball game against Albright.

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Sports

It's a part of my basketball fantasy

By Mike Falk
Sports Editor

SPORTS brings out the dreamer in us; watching the World Series or Super Bowl, who hasn't pictured themselves out on the field, a national hero watched by millions?

The vast majority of us have to be content with our dreams. Tuesday night, though, the spotlight moved a little closer to me when eight lucky fans at halftime of the Georgetown-Seton Hall game at the Meadowlands were selected at random to shoot for the stars: make one half-court shot, win a trip for two to Puerto Rico. That simple. It's a difficult shot, to be sure, but my no means impossible.

I wasn't one of the eight selected, but looked forward to watching some "average guys" get a shot at the big time. Surely there would be some close calls, and maybe somebody would even make the long shot.

The results were pathetic. After the first contestant hit the iron off to the left, the remaining seven had their shots float harmlessly before falling (barely) in the lane. No rim, no backboard, no contest.

Of course, you really don't expect much from the 60-year-olds. But the ultimate disgrace came courtesy of a teenager dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, who must have seen the basket 15 feet closer and 3 feet lower than it actually was.

That infuriated me. I can make that shot. I have made it, maybe not in the Meadowlands, not in front of thousands of people, not on the first and only try—but at least I could get close!

I just had to prove it to myself...

Yesterday, I decided to put myself to the test, in the friendly confines of Baldwin Gymnasium. One shot from mid-court, hit or miss, hero or goat.

I borrowed Chris Festa's basketball, the one I usually use. I found a time when no one was using the gym. I found a sucker to come to the gym with me to take a picture.

At last I was ready. I stood at the jump-ball circle, bounced the ball a couple of times, adjusted my feet, took a deep breath, bounced the ball again, and let fly.

Swish!

All right, so maybe the conditions were different Tuesday night. But hey, I'm not asking for a trip to Puerto Rico.

Florida would be fine.

Acorn Photos/Joey Biggio

If only my chance had come on Tuesday...

Runnin' Rangers become Gunnin' Rangers

Milestones for Pendergrast, Milano lead scoring surge

By Steve Belanger
Staff Writer

JOHN Milano conducted a shooting workshop and Mackey Pendergrast reached a milestone with his 1000th career point as the men's basketball team lit up the scoreboard last week.

Saturday the Rangers traveled to Manhattanville, a team playing right around the .500 mark. Drew found itself down by six points at the half, and was still trailing by two with one second left in the second half.

Enter Pendergrast at the foul line, where he converted two free throws to knot up the score at 93.

His effort was in vain, though, as Manhattanville ran off the first ten points in overtime. Drew managed only nine points in the entire overtime and Manhattanville coasted to a 115-102 victory.

Milano was the game's high scorer with 38, followed by Pendergrast with 25 and freshman Ray Hughes with a solid 16.

It was back to the friendly confines of Baldwin Gymnasium on Monday for a rematch against Wilkes, a team Drew had lost to in January by a score of 61-57.

According to Coach Vince Masco, inexperience against the press was a major factor in that loss. "We had ten turnovers," he pointed out, "which means twenty points for the other team."

This time around Masco had obviously prepared the team. When Wilkes started to use the press, the team was able to beat it fairly easily, thus creating fast break opportunities. In fact, Joe Novak made it look extremely easy as time after time, at the end of one of those fast breaks, he would hit a baseline jumper.

With Milano canning his first two three-pointers, Drew opened up a 14-4 lead four minutes into the game. The rest of the half belonged to Drew, whose lead was never less than seven and as much as 15.

The half ended with Drew holding on to a comfortable 47-37 edge. Novak finished the half with 14 points; Milano added 12 of his own.

Wilkes came out firing in the second half. After outscoring Drew 15-6 in the first five minutes, Wilkes pulled within a point at 53-52.

Hughes was the lone bright spot for Drew during this stretch. While the rest of the team seemed to be asleep, Hughes was doing some aggressive rebounding and scoring six points.

Then Milano took over. He carried the team on the strength of his 23 second-half points, including five three-pointers, oftentimes with a defender right in his face.

The Wilkes players still managed to keep the game tight, with the lead changing several times before the Rangers could scratch out an 81-73 lead with just over five minutes to play. From then on the game was over, especially when one of Wilkes' top scorers fouled out a few moments later. The Rangers got the well-deserved win, 96-85.

Asked to comment on the high scoring by the Rangers, Masco said, "We've always been a running team. It's not a new strategy." He said that he wants to use the fast break to take some of the pressure off Pendergrast and Milano, since the slower game allows the opposing team to key on them.

The strategy, new or old, worked again Wednesday night at Elizabethtown. Milano poured in 36 points and Pendergrast scored 27 as the Rangers went above 90 points for the third consecutive game, defeating E-town, 94-78.

The game was marked by two milestones. Milano, who *averaged* 36 points a game for the week, set the Drew record for most field goals in a season with 193. Bill Dunn set the record last year with 181. Milano has five more games to add to his record.

On a layup at the 7:20 mark in the second half, Pendergrast scored his 1000th career point. The basket moved him into seventh place on the all-time scoring list.

Masco said he feels that the team has a good chance of winning its remaining five games. He'll be giving some of the younger players more playing time to get experience.

The team is still working hard and getting along well, according to Masco. Not surprising is his hope that the season will end on a positive note. Beating FDU-Madison on Monday would be a good step in that direction.

Couple of All-American guys?

Acorn Photo/Sarah Hilton

Drew is promoting two of its best ever, Mackey Pendergrast (left) and John Milano, as All-America candidates.

Pendergrast, a senior guard, recently scored the 1000th point of his career and has been the Rangers' floor general the past two seasons. He is averaging 16.2 points per game this year.

Milano, a sophomore forward, is a cinch to rewrite the Drew record book. He has set the record for field goals in a season (193), and needs 14 points to break the standard for points in a season, 509. If he maintains his season average of 24.8 ppg, he will set that record. At his current pace, Milano would break Bill Dunn's career scoring record next year.

Acorn Photo/Sarah Hilton

Acorn Photo/Sarah Hilton

Looks like an easy hoop for Kevin Diverio.

Weather: Light snow through this evening. Cloudy Saturday with chance of snow, high in 20s. Same for Sunday. Make warm spring break plans this weekend.

Termites In HSC-104

Next Week

Senior Gripes Mount

Next Week